Carneans vs. Bagleans
Story Telling Contest
In Assembly
MARCH 20

Holly THE Leaf

Seniors vs. Juniors
Athletic Contest
At the Armory
March 30

VOLUME II | Maryland State Normal School, Salisbury, Md., March, 1928 | NUMBER 6

"SUN" DELEGATE GIVES LECTURE

Mr. Henry Edward Warner Holds Attention of Students In Assembly

LANTERN SLIDES ENJOYED

One of the most interesting and educational lectures of the year was given during February by Mr. Henry Edward Warner, representative of the Baltimore Sun. Mr. Warner is touring the shore giving lectures on the making of a newspaper. His talks are illustrated with numerous electrical slides.

The making of a newspaper is a very intricate process, but it was given to us by Mr. Warner in such a way as to be very instructive. His "Trip Through the Sun Plant" was preceded by the history of printing from its earliest stages to the present.

On our visual trip through the plant we visited the business offices; the lobby, where we saw the memorials of their war heroes; the editorial room, where the opinions of men are written for the public; the copy desk, where material is read and corrected; and, the information bureau. From there we went to the photo. engraving room; so called because monotype machines are used there to set up advertisements, and the stereotyping department where the printing plates are made.

We had followed the paper until we had arrived into the press room where the very newest thing in presses is used—the sextuple Hoe cllinder press. After seeing the printing, cutting and folding being done by machinery we visited the circulation department where the papers are stamped. We hurried along to the mailing rooms where the papers were wrapped for distribution.

Mr. Warner left several articles here for inspection by the students, one of which was a matrix from which the plates are cast. He also left an invitation to the students to call at the Sun plant when visiting Baltimore.

The students enjoyed Mr. Warner's lecture and appreciate his visit to Salisbury Normal School.

INTERNATIONAL ASSEMBLIES

Students Enjoy Series

"What are we going to have in assembly today?" is the question so often echoed through the corridors on Tuesdays and Thursdays. One may rightly judge from such a question that the students really look forward to the assembly period as a special feature of the week's program.

There was, however, an unusual form of interest exhibited by the student body during a series of international programs. The purpose of these entertainments was to give an insight into the political and social life of the people of different countries. Although these assemblies were distinctly different in form there was a strain of unity running through them.

The first was conducted by the Senior III Geography class under the supervision of Miss Krackowizer, and took the form of a world federation. Each member, dressed in native costume and seated around the long banquet table, gave an interesting message from his own country.

The second under the direction of Miss Gladys E. Fiedler, presented the different types of music and folk songs

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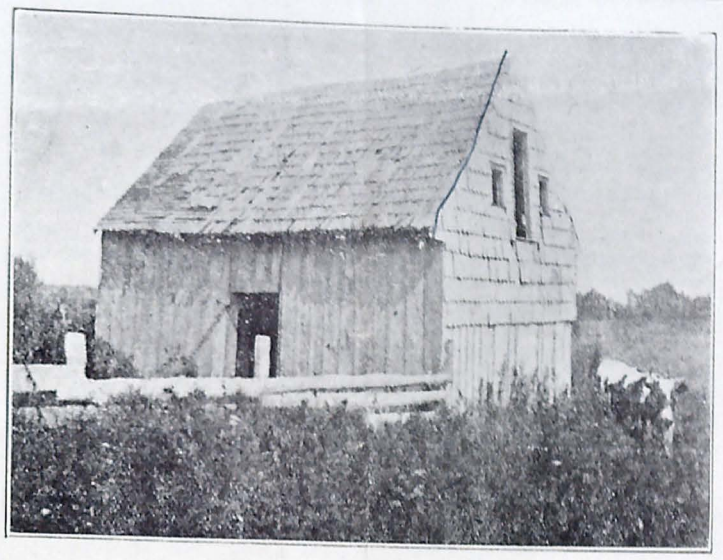

BIRTHPLACE OF STEPHEN DECATUR

Our Historic Eastern Shore

THE BIRTHPLACE OF STEPHEN DECATUR

Just recently the romantic figure of Stephen Decatur, one of America's most dashing naval commanders, has been brought to public attention by the film "Old Ironsides." This depicts the interpid young hero in several of his most noteworthy exploits, and thrills all who see it with the dash and daring of the gallant boy. He is a figure from the romantic past, an American hero whom all should honor. But Marylanders especially, should be proud of the exploits of Decatur for he is a native son.

Tradition has long pointed out his birthplace as a rambling old homestead in Sinepuxent, that farthest oceanward section of Worcester county, Maryland, but tradition, while right in the general locality, has been proven wrong in regard to the exact house, which was a much smaller one near the present town of Berlin. The father of Stephen Decatur, also named Stephen, was not a resident of Maryland, but lived in Philadelphia and was a naval officer who served with distinction in both the Revolutionary War and a later war with France. The naval tradition was strong in the Decatur family, for the first of the name in America was a French navy officer who came to Philadelphia in 1740. So in 1778, while the British were in Philadelphia and the middle colonies were in a very disturbed state, the elder Stephen Decatur with his young wife left that troubled section, and sought a quiet spot on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. They found a home on a part of what was then called "Old Burley Plantation," and in an old-fashioned log cabin, built in the early days of settlement. Stephen Decatur first saw the sun, as it lifted itself out of the broad Atlantic, on the morning of January 5, 1779. This old log cabin has long since fallen into decay, new buildings have been erected on the ancient site, and the old homestead now forms part of the world-famed Harrison's Nurseries. The above picture of Decatur's birthplace, taken about 1920 shows the crude old cabin, the strongly built old house which for over a century has withstood the east winds which have swept in from the Atlantic, over whose restless bosom Decatur sailed and fought his way to everlasting fame. As we stated above, the navy was a tradition in the Decatur family, and so heredity had much to do with the destiny of young Stephen. But perhaps native soil played its part also, for in those sandy stretches of Worcester county the ocean was never far away, and the pounding of its surf must often have been heard by the baby Stephen as he lay in the cradle in the old cabin on "Burley Plantation." Be that as it may, we know that whatever impression on the shores of Worcester county made upon young Decatur's character, must have been made early for when he was very young the family returned to Philadelphia, and there is no record of visits paid to Maryland until after he was grown.

At the age of 19, after having studied at the University of Pennsylvania for a time, young Decatur entered the navy as a midshipman, his first cruise being to the West Indies where he saw some service against the French. He was soon promoted and when peace was declared in 1801, Decatur was made a regular navy officer. But a youth of his fiery disposition could not long remain inactive, and we next hear of him in the Mediterranean fighting against the Moors. In fact he found some fighting to do during most of the twelve years that proceded our second war with England, the War of 1812. In this war Decatur, now with the rank of Commodore, played an important part, but his greatest fame rests upon his fights with the Algerian pirates, and with one exploit in particular. This feat was the spectacular capture and burning of the frigate Philadelphia, as she lay in the harbor of Tripoli, under the guns of the Moorish forts. This exploit displayed such bold resolutions and cool intrepidity as to give it a leading place in our naval history, while it had in it so much of the spice of bold adventure as to bring Decatur an undying renown.

But this brief sketch is not a history of the hero Decatur; they who wish may read that elsewhere, for it is written wherever the American navy is known. This is only a glance at the quiet birthplace of a great man, a place which until recent years was known only to a few. A short time ago the Eastern Shore Society of Maryland made a pilgrimage to this spot and dedicated it in memory of Maryland's illustrious son. But in the quiet peace of budding orchard and smiling green fields the passer-by seldom thinks of the dashing young navy hero who was once cradled in a humble cottage in this peaceful land.

As the poet has well phrased it:

"The world in this old nook may peep,
And think it listless and asleep,
But here were men of sterling stuff
In their own era wonderful:
The lion heart of Samuel Chase
And great Decatur's royal face."

OBSERVATION PROVES VALUABLE

Students Appreciate Help Demonstration School Affords Them

"SEEING IS BELIEVING"

The old proverb, "Seeing is believing," applies in many ways to our course in Observation.

A Technique of Teaching course without the corresponding demonstrations and conferences would not have been nearly so helpful. Specific illustrations are extremely beneficial in solving any problem. Surely, acquiring the ability to teach is a fundamental problem of normal school students.

When one first enters a schoolroom, the things that command one's attention are those that affect the five primary senses. It was these physical features—heating, lighting and ventilation, that we considered in our first study. The discipline of a room, whether self-governing or otherwise, and the extent to which the routine factors are developed, also influence one's first impression. So did it mine.

Linking up with our course in Psychology, I observed first-hand the principles of child psychology. Is there not a reason for all the peculiarities (to us)—the likes and dislikes of child nature?

Everywhere, I have heard of the importance of correlation. Has not the course in Observation correlated in a large or small way with every course given here? Our instructors realized this long before we did, so it is to them a large amount of credit is due. In the demonstration school I have observed how I can carry out successfully this same necessary principle in my own rural school.

The ability of the elementary school teachers, who have been our models, to teach a certain lesson at a certain time, has been admirable. Without their untiring efforts this most valuable course in Observation could not have been.

(Continued on page 3)

LECTURE SERIES BY FACULTY

Public Is Invited

"The Relation between a College and Its Community," was the subject of an illustrated lecture ably presented by Dr. W. J. Holloway at the Normal School on Monday evening March 12. This is the first of a series of lectures open to the public to be given by members of the Normal School faculty. They will continue for three consecutive Monday evenings.

During the first year of the school a series of successful lectures in the field of literature and history were given. There was a large attendance at each lecture.

Last year a series in the field of education was presented to appreciative audiences. It is hoped that much enthusiasm will be shown by the public in responding to the cordial invitation to attend the series now in progress.

Experts in the respective fields will continue the program of lectures as follows:

March 19—"The Eastern Shore in History," Miss Ida Belle Wilson.

March 26—"The Eastern Shore in Story and Song," Miss Anne H. Matthews.

April 2—"Folk Songs and Dances of Many Lands," Miss Gladys E. Fiedler and Miss Helen L. Jamart.

The Holly Leaf

Published monthly during the school year by the Normal School

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MARCH, 1928

MOTHER NORMAL SCHOOL

As a mother leads her chicks out into the field and garden, quieting the fears of the timid and restraining the spirits of the adventurous, normal school is gently leading the Junior class to the field of teaching, pushing the timid and shy, checking the over confident—encouraging all. We, as the little chicks, are eagerly anticipating "the field" of which our Alma Mater speaks so fondly.

We knew it must be a true field. Would our school foster its progress if it were not? It is a wide field, too, but in places it is rugged. However, if normal school precedes us, warns, advises, comforts or even scolds us, will we not be equipped to master the difficulties encountered?

"Cluck-chuck," says the hen.

"Come on, little chicks. Let us venture out into green fields and seek our prize."

Likewise, we Juniors are called by our Alma Mater to enter the field of rural service where we may achieve success.

A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY

Good speech is an airplane
Poor speech is an oxcart
Will you fly in the air or plow in the mud?

When such a question is forcibly brought to one's attention, an affirmative decision is naturally made in response to the first proposition. People are becoming more and more aware of the vital importance of the mastery of good English. Failure in many phases of life's work is often attributed to a lack of good speech. However, merely having one's attention called to this striking situation is by no means a solution.

The cry of today is not more speech but better speech. Then, how may this speech of ours be bettered? Salisbury Normal School has taken a wise step in providing means through which desirous students may master this fundamental tool. Aside from the English courses required in the regular curriculum there is offered a special English Opportunity class.

Students who realize the necessity of supplementing the courses they have had in this particular field are urged to take advantage of this class. Is this not a golden opportunity?

L'ENVOI

Apologies to Kipling

When the very last article is written,
and the ink is set and dried,
When the last cartoon has been finished, with drawing and writing beside,
We shall rest, and faith, we shall need it—stop working for an aeon or two,
Till the editor of the Holly Leaf staff shall set us to work anew!

And those who have helped will be happy; they shall sit at ease in a chair
And look on the latest edition with signs of achievement shown there.

They shall have real poems to read, there by Dewilde, Young, and White
They have worked for hours at the time, never getting tired, not quite.

And only the critics shall praise us, and only the critics shall blame;
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame.
But each for the joy of working and each in his separate star,
Shall write the events as he sees them to keep The Holly Leaf up to par.

IMPROVING THE HOLLY LEAF

The members of the Holly Leaf staff have not always succeeded in pleasing all the student body with the monthly publication of the school paper. They have, however, exerted every effort to publish a paper which would act as a mirror for student activities. Could you expect the staff alone to achieve this purpose?

We wonder if those of you who have criticized so severely have contributed to the paper? We wonder if you realize how much time the staff devotes toward the betterment of our paper? We compare it with the publications of other normal schools; we profit by the suggestions given in the helpful journal "Review of Reviews." Moreover, we were well represented at the recent meeting of the Columbia Scholastic Press Association at Columbia University, in New York, from which we derived much help.

We beseech you, be not overly critical unless you have gained the right to criticize. Have you contributed largely to The Holly Leaf?

WORTH WHILE ASSEMBLIES

One may well commend Salisbury Normal School upon its several types of educational entertainment. How many people appreciate the thought and effort extended in putting on a single assembly program? These programs come at that time of day when our minds would be too tired to fully absorb dry facts, yet, in an interesting way, we are not only finding recreational pleasure, but educational facts as well.

Our assemblies are largely an outgrowth of class work. Frankly, students, are you not often amazed at the pleasure you derive from such work? Do you not envy those people who are the fortunate members of the class performing? Best of all, are you not often stimulated toward further investigation of the subject developed through the program?

Those of us who have heard graduates speak fondly of the helpful assemblies they have seen at their dear Alma Mater, realize that not only are the programs informational, but likewise will they furnish ideas for our own programs when we go out into "the field."

Then students, let us continue to have these excellent types of programs, for is it not evident that they are well worth the time and effort expended?

THE STORY OF THE LITTLE CARNEAN SOCIETY

Once upon a time there was a nice little boy, and his name was Little Carnean Society, and his mother was called Miss Mabel Carney, and his father was called Salisbury Normal School.

One day Miss Mabel Carney made him a beautiful little yellow coat, and a pair of beautiful little green trousers. And Salisbury Normal School went to the bazaar, and bought him a lovely little pair of gold shoes and then wasn't little Carnean Society grand?

So he put on all his nice clothes, and went out for a walk in the world. And by and by he met Mr. Basket Ball Team. Mr. Team said to him, "Little Carnean Society, I'm going to beat you up!" And Little Carnean Society said, "Oh! please, Mr. Team, don't beat me up, and I'll give you my beautiful little yellow coat." So the Team said, "Very well, I won't beat you this time, but you must give me your beautiful little yellow coat." So the team got poor Carnean Society's beautiful little yellow coat, and went away saying, "Now I am the grandest Team in the world."

And Little Carnean Society went on, and by and by he met Mr. Story Telling Contest, and it said to him, "Little Carnean Society, I'm going to out talk Carnean Society, I'm going to out talk you!" And Carnean Society said, "Oh! please, Mr. Contest, don't out talk me, and I'll give you my beautiful little green trousers." So the Contest got poor Little Carnean Society's beautiful little green trousers, and went away saying, "Now I'm the grandest Contest in the world."

And Little Carnean Society went on, and by and by he met Mr. Dramatics, and it said to him, "Little Carnean Society, I am going to use more expression in talking than you!" And Carnean Society said, "Oh! please, Mr. Dramatics, don't use more expression in talking than I, and I will give you my beautiful little gold shoes." But Mr. Dramatics said, "What use would your shoes be to me?" But Little Carnean Society said, "Gold is one of Salisbury Normal School's favorite colors, and there we walk on common ground." "So we do," said Mr. Dramatics, "give them to me, and I won't use more expression in talking than you this time." So Mr. Dramatics got poor little Carnean Society's beautiful little gold shoes, and went away saying, "Now I am the grandest Dramatics in the world."

And by and by Little Carnean Society met Mr. Tennis, and it said to him, "Little Carnean Society, I am going to play better than you!" and Carnean Society said, "Oh, please, Mr. Tennis, don't play better than I and I will give you my beautiful maroon umbrella." Mr. Tennis said, "What use have I for an umbrella? It isn't raining." But Little Carnean Society said, "The maroon umbrella is not to be used in the rain, but used to protect father, Salisbury Normal School, from the slams and criticisms of an unkind world." "Give it to me," said Mr. Tennis, "and I won't play better than you this time." So he got poor Little Carnean Society's beautiful little maroon umbrella, and went away saying, "Now, I am the grandest Tennis in the world."

And poor Little Carnean Society went away crying, because the cruel people had taken all his fine clothes.

Presently he heard a horrible noise, and it got louder and louder. "Oh! dear!" said Little Carnean Society, "it comes from the Parish House. What shall I do?" So he ran to the Parish House and peeped in to see what the matter was.

And there he saw the judges quarreling and disputing as to the value of his clothes, and yes, there were the clothes of his brother, the Baglean Society. What were they doing? He heard the crier say to the Carnean president, "You can take this one, and to the Baglean president, "Yours is worn out." And what was he holding in his hand? Nothing more or less than his beautiful yellow coat. But his brother's white coat was torn. The judges picked up each piece of clothing and judged

(Continued on page 3)

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The title, "On What Does All Depend?" has been suggested for our story. How do you like it? Have you another suggestion? We are looking to an exciting concluding chapter in the next issue.

Chapter III

BY EMMA JONES

Charles Leverage was a noble, kind hearted fellow, but he was only a fisherman's son, with little education. When he returned from his trip for supplies he immediately went to Claire and offered her a home. Was it not his duty to care for Claire and her mother?

Claire kindly rejected his offer, declaring that she and her mother would stay at the cottage. She was a very independent girl, yet always willing to do for others. Her mother emphatically opposed this plan, saying she wished to go far from the water where she could see no more such storms as she had seen that tragic night.

"Mother, we will stay this summer and perhaps we can go away when winter comes. Please stay," she begged, "I will earn a living for both of us and perhaps we can save money enough for me to go to normal school."

The mother realized that she had a strong will with which to contend, for was not Claire's disposition like that of her father? She meekly submitted so Claire began to take up the work in which her father had been engaged. She was soon loved and admired by all. She, brave and industrious, often went on short fishing trips with the older men. She soon transacted all business for them since her education was far superior to that of the fishermen.

One day while out with the fishermen she happened to see the remains of a small storm wrecked yacht in a cove. She shuddered. What memories that scene brought back!

She asked her oarsman to row nearer and investigate. Boarding the wreck they found a young girl, in an exhausted condition, lying in the cabin. Securing blankets, Claire and the fishermen covered the girl to protect her from the wind, placed her in the dory and took her to Claire'e home.

Claire and her mother applied restoratives and soon the girl recovered and was able presently to sit up and tell them her story.

Her name was Dorothy Carnes, from the back-bay section of Boston. She and her brother had been staying at a nearby fishing village. They had been spending the summer there because Richard, Dorothy's brother, had insisted upon it. He had hoped this would improve his sister's health. She was not strong and he was taking the best of care of her since their parents were dead. Richard was in his last year at college and since their inheritance was by no means scanty he had hoped to restore the ruddy glow of health to his beloved sister by keeping her along the sea-coast. He had provided her with a small yacht in which they had spent many happy days. Richard had gone back to college and left Dorothy to stay awhile longer. She, not aware of the approaching storm, had started for a ride all alone. The storm proved to be very severe and the yacht was driven on the spot where Claire found her. This was the last thing she could recall.

Claire and her mother insisted that she remain with them until she became stronger. Dorothy became greatly attached to Mrs. Barquette because of the motherly care and attention she bestowed upon her. Dorothy wrote to her brother telling him of the incident and he came immediately to see her. He, too, appreciated Mrs. Barquette's efforts to help Dorothy so it was arranged that Dorothy should remain in the Barquette household until she fully recovered.

Dorothy and Claire soon became dear friends. Dorothy, learning of Claire's desire to become a teacher, persisted in advancing the necessary money to cover Claire's expenses while at normal school, saying she would be the companion of her adopted mother, as she called Mrs. Barquette, until Claire's return. Claire was happy and because

(Continued on Page 3)

TREASURE HOUSE GEMS

Questionaires prepared by Junior II Music class.

I.
What composer, whose works are known all over the world, died in 1827?

II.
What great opera singer has just said good-bye to the Metropolitan opera House?

III.
From whom did the saxaphone derive its name?

IV.
What great singer, who died recently, excelled in the opera Pagliacci?

V.
What singer will sing in New York, during the months of October, November, and December of this year?

VI
What is the name of the young girl from Kansas City who created much comment at the Metropolitan last year?

VII.
What boy genius is the whole violin world much interested in at the present time?

VIII.
What great Scottish singer is now touring our country?

IX
What recently retired opera singer had three sons in the Great War?

X
What American composer is the editor of "Musical America?"

FASHIONS

Style! style! style! is all the world knows. No matter how ridiculous the fashions may be they are never too ridiculous for the people of today. Fashion bears about the same relation to costume that weather does to climate, the first in every case being variable and temporary, the other constant and permanent. Social leaders among the women have accepted Paris as the fashion center of the world. In olden times women would try to have the hair as long as they could, but now the shorter the better, the same with dresses. They were very long and full at one time, but now they are short and lacking in bustles and flounces, which make them more sensible. Most grandmothers, great aunts, and teachers, however, do not seem to think so. The following incident may show this more clearly.

The other evening one of our students, who was expecting to go to a party, tripped down stairs. Her hair was clipped short, her slippers had very high heels, her dress was very short, and her complexion was perhaps too vivid. An instructor looked up as Susie entered the office to say good bye. "My dear, Susie, are you going to the party in that costume?" Susie said, "Oh! It's the style, it's the style," and flitted out before the astonishment of the one in charge could find an outlet in words.

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(Continued from Page 2)

she loved Dorothy so much, she accepted the offer feeling sure her mother would be well cared for.

Claire, disregarding her brother, Jim's previous indifference, wrote telling him of her plans. She still held a warm spot in her heart for him. She waited quite a while for a reply, but none came. Mrs. Barquette worried and worried. Her motherly instinct made her anxious for her son. After another effort Claire received a note telling her to do as she pleased; he had no time to give advice, she was so independent—look out for herself. Furthermore, he desired no further correspondence, his family ties were broken, and let them stay that way. Claire and her mother now knew they could put no more dependence in John.

Dorothy's health gradually improved. She soon became interested in the people of the little village. She and Claire's childhood companion, Charles Leverage, soon became friends. Dorothy, knowing of Charles' handicap as to schooling, offered to teach him at Mrs. Barquette's cottage in the evenings.

Charles realized the advantages of such an offer and became a very apt pupil under the direction of a capable, ye, frail tutor. Day by day their friendship strengthened. Dorothy felt she could no longer write to Claire and tell her of his friendship, for did not Charles rightly belong to Claire? Soon the big Christmas holiday would come, and then Richard would be with her—Richard with whom she could confide. Claire, too, would be home.

ALMOST LIKE LINDY

Some fly high
Some fly low.
Our Seniors' kites in circles go.—
Almost like Lindy.

They make tail spins.
They loop-de-loop
Through the air they dip and swoop—
Almost like Lindy.

Across campus then they try
To make a most successful fly.
A trans-atlantic next they'll cry—
Almost like Lindy.

Well, Senior I's
Here's to thee
We hope and pray sometime you'll be—
Almost like Lindy.

WHAT MY TEACHING MEANT TO ME

Practice teaching to me was like walking on strange ground. It was a new adventure. Some girls came to normal school having had some experience in teaching, but to me it was all new. It seemed as if I had been given a brand new book. During the first day or two I read the preface and introduction. After one has read those parts, the main theme of the book should be known, shouldn't it? I soon began to see what it was all about. Then day by day I turned the pages of my interesting and helpful book, finding on each page new and interesting strange adventures. One day I would learn a peculiar habit of a pupil or a new view point on a certain topic in the discussion; on other days a new device to develop the play spirit in my first grade, or a better way by which to get on the "good side" of my pupils. A new fondness for the school in general, a good trait in a particular boy whom I had not liked, or a new idea for outside activities was discovered, as day after day the pages of the book, called "Practice Teaching" were read through.

From the day that I first conceived the idea of teaching, I asked myself this question, "Why am I going to teach?" My desire then and now was to help others. In fulfilling that desire I found joy in my teaching.

Like an "Alice in Wonderland," I enjoyed the experiences of six weeks' teaching. Now with the knowledge of that book called "Practice Teaching" held fast in my grip, I am anxiously looking forward to a real visit to that no longer strange land.

This sounds like a fairy tale, but it isn't!

STORY-TELLING CONTEST

Long before the first day of March blew in, there were whispers in the halls and tentative suggestions were being passed along as to which Literary Society had the best chance at the story telling contest. Practices were going on in the societies, and in corners where prying eyes could not see.

When Tuesday, March 20 came, the whispers became more intense and the suggestions implied sureties. The Carneans presented Miss Helen Herring, Miss Minnie Bell Butler, and Miss Ruth Stevens; the Bagleans cheered Miss Etta Kilmon, Miss Mary Hall, and Miss Beulah Dixon.

Who will win? It was, we are sure, a close contest and the sides were nearly even. But who will win. Oh, Time! Oh, Faculty! We wait for that last assembly when the judges' decision will be announced.

OBSERVATION PROVES VALUABLE

(Continued from Page 1)

From the demonstration school I have also gotten a large number of valuable lesson plans that I hope to be able to use. Not only do I have definite lessons, but they, with criticisms and notes from discussions, furnish many suggestions for making plans and teaching related lessons. For instance, if you see an upper grade reading lesson on one story, does it not give you many helpful hints as to the procedure in any upper grade reading lesson? If you should see a Fifth Grade problem-solving lesson in Geography, could you not apply the same valuable method to different subject-matter in all of the upper grades?

Important, too, have been the ways to measure one's teaching ability by testing and devices in which to use the results obtained to faciliatate greater growth on the part of pupils and teachers.

Besides seeing many things to do, we have observed the things not to do. We have watched carefully to see what characteristics in the teacher are most effective with different aged children. Certainly this is an important factor in securing and holding the interests of children.

It is impossible to enumerate all the helps received, as many of them have been so indirect that only when I meet a similar problem, will I be able to recall how they were solved sometime before in my Observation course. Tennyson's words, "I am a part of all I have met," explain this thought, as well as help to prove the value of observation.

After all, it will be my duty and privilege to show in my teaching how deep and lasting an impression each incident has made.

FAIRYLAND OF M. S. N. S.

Down the hall to room number five,
To hear more of our fairy throng,
For if there were no dear little fairies
The world would all go wrong.

While these thoughts ran through my mind, I fell in a sort of dreamy sleep, and soon was entering a beautiful fairyland. As I passed through a shining gate I saw in a semicircle many charming little fairies.

From the bright eyes and playful expressions I know every one in the group loved the fairy land. Above all, I think they adored the fairy queen before them. Oh! why not? She was older, but did she not have the same twinkle in her eyes, and same expression of pleasure and happiness?

The queen of the fairies was holding a meeting of these little fairies. What was that I saw? With her magic wand, the queen signalled a little fairy, who was to entertain the others; I rubbed my eyes to make sure I was not dreaming.

At last, I realized what they were doing. How could I have been so stupid? These fairies had been visiting in Bookland, and a few were telling their adventures.

Finally, a tiny little fairy skipped to the front. What a wonderful time she had had with "The Mouse, the Cock and the Little Red Hen." The next fairy, a large one, had been out "In Animal Land." Every fairy was overjoyed at the things they were hearing. Oh dear! what was causing the sad expression on all the faces? Nothing could have saddened such happy hearts but the story of the "Little Wooden Doll." The next fairy had encountered twins, who were so very different from any one she knew. Of course they were different. They were "The Dutch Twins." Now all the little fairies were smiling as a tiny little fairy told of "Little Black Sambo," whom he had met in India. What a brave boy little Sambo was!

As the last fairy sat down after telling them of "Peter's Wonderful Adventures," the other little fairies noticed a lovely chart before them. Now they quickly chose what stories and adventures they wanted to hear at the next meeting.

Soon the little voices were hushed. The discussion of the visit was over and they gaily flitted away.

Alas! Was it a dream? I rubbed my eyes indeed and found myself filing out of Miss Parker's room.

"Where am I?" I asked, "What have I been doing?"

"Well," said one of the Junior I's with marked sarcasm, "You are at M. S. N. S. You have just observed a literary hour in the primary grades."

"But the fairies—"

But she gave me one look and left.

THE STORY OF THE LITTLE CARNEAN SOCIETY

(Continued from Page 2)

each. All of his fine clothes were given to the Carnean president, but his brother's clothes, oh! My! How terrible! They were all torn! Then the Carnean president called in his beautiful clothes which were as good as new.

But Little Carnean Society was sad, even though he was dressed in his beautiful clothes again, because his brother, The Baglean Society, had lost his beautiful suit. And Little Carnean Society said, "It was my cruel people who did it. I will make them be kinder to my brother next year."

Carnean Reporter

(With apologies to Helen Bannerman)

TREASURE HOUSE GEMS

Answers

1. Beethoven.
2. Galli-Curci.
3. Adolphe Sax.
4. Caruso.
5. John McCormack.
6. Marian Talley.
7. Yehudi Menuhin.
8. Harry Lauder.
9. Madame Schumann Heink.
10. Deems Taylor.

BIRTHDAY PROGRAM

In commemoration of George Washington's birthday, the Jr. III History class conducted the assembly on February 21. The program was given in the form of a series of tableaux from a Washington picture album. The scenes which were presented were: "The Spirit of '76"; "The Ringing of the Liberty Bell"; "The Making of the Flag"; "The Minuet" and "The Last Days of Washington." Each tableau was accompanied by appropriate music or readings.

The children from the elementary school also took part in this program. Miss Parker's class dramatized the scene, "The Maknig of the Flag." A group of children from Miss Weller's room danced the minuet.

Would You Be Surprised if you Saw—

Miss Wilson in knickers?

Mr. Caruthers in an orange and purple sport sweater and white flannel trousers?

Miss Krackowizer in Zingfield "Follies?"

Miss Matthews eating a sour pickle?

Miss Feidler teaching Psychology?

Miss Jamart on time at 8.30 classes?

Miss Marshall teaching aesthetic dancing?

Mrs. Bennett offering criticisms outside of class?

Mr. Holloway without his chalk?

Mrs. Trice lose her temper?

Miss Ruth in an abbreviated bathing suit?

EXCHANGE COLUMN

This is the second time an exchange column has appeared in the Holy Leaf. We are always glad to see criticisms of our paper in your columns and hope to benefit by them.

"High News," Smithsburg, Md.—Your news articles are very interesting. We like the way in which the various departments of your school are represented.

"High School Review," Elkton, Md.—The humorous section of your paper is quite cleverly written. Your cuts, however, are out of proportion to your news articles.

"The Owl," Hurlock, Md.—Your editorial department is quite well developed. We are glad you enjoy our continued story. Can you suggest a name for it?

"The Carolinian," Denton, Md.—We admire the way in which you permit the elementary school to participate in contributing material for your paper. A few more good jokes would make your paper more interesting.

"The Pied Piper," Thurmont, Md.,—The arrangement of your paper is very attractive. We enjoy reading your class write-ups.

"The Booster," Delmar, Del—Your jokes are very clever, both the original ones and those borrowed from exchanges.

"The Signal," Sistersville, W. Va.—The arrangement of your advertisements detracts from the general attractiveness of your paper. Wouldn't it be better to have them all together instead of mingled with the news articles? The write-ups in the "Who's Who" column are very interesting.

"The Monitor," Carbondale, Ill.—We surely enjoy reading your paper. It is one of the most interesting we receive.

"The Soaring Eagle," Pittsville, Md.—The apparance of your paper is very pleasing. Your headlines would attract more interest if they were more definite.

"The Parrot," St. Michaels, Md.—Your paper is certainly "newsy." We admire the originality shown throughout its pages, and especially in the exchange column.

"Kenmore Hi-Life," Elkton, Md.—The types of articles you have in your paper are very well chosen for a school paper. Wouldn't it be better to arrange your advertisements so that none of them would be on the editorial page?

THAT PSYCHOLOGY TEST!

Psychology! what a world of tragedy this fateful word foretells. Our tests in this particular subject are invariably associated in my mind with an empty head.

I always feel sorry for our teacher who has to read these papers, but infinitely more sorry for myself. Perhaps the empty head has something to do with this feeling, for on first picking up the questions the only thing I am really sure of is that I do not know a thing! I then take a casual look around the room to see if I can find any encouragement in the faces of my fellow sufferers. Some look as if they are in as much misery as I, but two or three will be seen busily writting, and seem to be able to write what they know, or don't know. I again cast my eyes on the puzzling questions before me, and in a nervous flutter I begin to write. Slowly—very slowly—my empty head begins to fill; my fingers begin to move; the sheet of paper which I have before me begins to fill; I find myself taking sheet after sheet from note book. I then take another glance around. The others seem to have an inspiration also.

Then all of a sudden that dreadful little bell, which means pass your paper, rings. Oh me, just at the moment one collects his thoughts those papers must be passed forward.

INTERNATIONAL ASSEMBLIES

(Continued from Page 1)

characteristic of the various countries. This was given by Junior I Music class.

The last of the series was a group of folk dances typical of the people from many lands, arranged by Miss Helen Jamart.

The elaborate as well as appropriate costuming added much to each program. Everyone enjoyed these entertaining, educational features which were so ably executed. Do you wonder that we enjoy assembly days?

HOLLY STICKERS

Launcelot—Dear, bring me a can opener.

Elaine—What are you going to use ti for?

Launcelot—I've a flea in my knight clothes. —Exchange

—

"Do you file your finger nails?"

"No, I just throw them away after I cut them off." —The Lamp

—

"London is the foggiest city in the world."

"But I've been to a foggier place than London."

"Where was it?"

"I don't know where it was, it was so foggy." —Penn State Froth.

—

Junior's Twenty-Third Psalm

Mr. Caruthers is our teacher, we shall not want,
He maketh us to study long assignments,
He exposeth our ignorance before the whole class,
He restoreth our sorrow,
He causeth us to desire deceitful methods for our pride sake.
Yea, though we study until midnight
We shall not gain knowledge
For the lessons in Psychology puzzle us,
And the writing of some assignments distresseth us,
He giveth us low marks
Our tears runneth over
Surely failure will follow us all the days of our lives,
And we shall dwell in this Psychology class forever —Ex.

—

Bootblack—Light or dark, sir?

Absent minded prof.—Anything, just so it isn't the neck.

—

Mr. Caruthers—What is the difference between wood and glass?

Z. Sharpley—You can see thru glass.

I. Humphreys—You can see thru wood too when there is a knot hole.

RUE PUBLISHING CO., DENTON, MD.

Editor .....Rebecca Wootten
Assistant Editor ....Evelyn Ekstrom
Business Manager ..Howard Mumford

The Holly Leaflet

6th Grade Reporter ....Jack Englar
5th Grade Reporter .....Jane Allen
4th Grade Rep. ..Margaret Townsend

MARCH, 1928

OUR NEW BOOKS

The P. T. A. gave us some new books. There are twenty-seven of them.

After we had read a few books, we decided to see which grade could read the most. First grade won.

Then we decided to invite our mothers, to a "Reading Party," so they would know how well we could read the books. They came March 7, at 3 o'clock. First Grade read, "Little Black Sambo" and Second Grade dramatized "Hansel and Gretel." Several Third Grade children read reviews of books they had read.

We would like to thank the P. T. A. for the pleasure they have given us.

WALTER SMITH, Grade 3

PETER'S WONDERFUL ADVENTURE

This book is about a boy named Peter. He did not believe in fairies.

One night he heard a tap on his door. When he opened it he saw a fairy. She asked him to go with her to the king of fairies.

Fairyland was under the sea. The king wanted him to learn some lessons in fairyland. These lessons were written on Peter's forehead—"Be kind," "Be brave," and "Learn." He could only see them with his magic mirror. If he learned these lessons, the marks would disappear. The king gave him seven colored keys matching the colors in fairyland. Each key opened the door of a different country. He went in every country and had many exciting adventures.

When he was kind—"Be kind" would be very dim, but if he were unkind it would be very dark. When he had used all of his keys, two of the lessons on his forehead were gone. "Learn" was still there.

He returned to the king of fairies. The king asked, "Do you believe in fairies?"

Peter said, "Of course. I have had a wonderful time."

Everything faded and he was in his little bed. His mother was bending over him. Peter sat up and rubbed his eyes. "Why—why it's morning," he said.

"Of course," said his mother, "have you been dreaming?"

Other people might think he had been dreaming, but he knew better. He had been to fairyland.

I have not told the adventures Peter had behind the seven doors, because I could not decide which was the most wonderful. Every boy and girl in the Third Grade should read about them.

ROBERT HOLLOWAY, Grade 3

MERRY ANIMAL TALES

This book is about animals. The most important animal was Blacky. Blacky was a little rat. One part of the book I like very much.

Blacky got in a corn house and ate so much corn that when he tried to get out he was so fat that the hole was too small. There he had to stay until he grew thin again.

I think it must have been very hard for Blacky to be near so much corn and not eat any. I enjoyed everyhing that Blackey did.

RUTH LONG, Grade 3

INDIA

Mrs. Allen gave an interesting illustrated lecture on India several days ago. She has lived a number of years in this country and has learned and collected some very interesting things about the land and people.

The people of India have dark skin as other people who live in a climate similar to that of this country.

They have very few schools in India. The buildings and work are quite different from the schools found in our country. The child very often help to construct the buildings which are not made of very durable material. The chief food of India is rice which is eaten as we use bread. Tea is also grown extensively. In growing grain in India they use oxen and horses in trampling over the grain which threshes it.

There are many water buffaloes in India. These animals and the elephants are used as workers. There are also many tigers in India. They are caught by putting a young goat into the back of a trap. The tiger goes into the trap to get the goat, the trap door goes down and the tiger is caught.

English people have found it necessary to be careful about the preparation and care of food in India. All of the water that is used has to be boiled to prevent the spread of diseases that are common in this country. Fevers and skin diseases of various kinds are found in abundance here.

The religions, superstitions and lack of education prevent these people from becoming as prosperous as their resources would permit.

PAULINE TAYLOR

GRAHAM HAYMAN

Grade 6

A CORNER OF RIDDLES

1—A Riddle of India

I am an animal, I live in Africa and Asia. I am about sixteen inches long and can travel very fast.

My most deadly enemy is the cobra. When I see him I am struck with a sudden rage. I approach him very softly, and when I get near enough I leap forward, and away, soon making the cobra very dizzy. I then close in and break his neck behind the hood. I eat his head, poison glands and all, but they do not hurt me.

After this long description you should know who I am.

JACK ENGLAR, Grade 6

* * *

I live in South America. I am brown. I like to climb trees. People say that I get into much mischief. What am I?

MARY BELLE POLLITT, Grade 4

1. A mongoose.
2. A monkey.